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consequence, accident or disease has

carried off some of these employees of

a rich nation, and if in a large propor-

tion of such cases the dead men left

widows and children in want—why

what was that to the autocratic heads

of Bureaus and Divisions?

REVIVED BY A CALAMITY.

We are supposed to have laws on our

statute books to prevent the crowding

of workpeople together in what are

known as "sweat shops," to the imperil-

ing of human life and the endanger-

ment of the public health.

The Building Department is under-

stood to be required to take care that

every tenement building shall be prop-

erly guarded against fire and well sup-

plied with efficient fire-escapes.

It is the duty of the Health De-

partment to see that proper sanitary

regulations prevail in all buildings oc-

cupied by a number of persons, whether

as living rooms or workrooms.

In the six-story building on Montgom-

ery street in which the fatal fire oc-

curred yesterday morning every room

was a "sweat shop." More than two

hundred men and women were em-

ployed at tailoring in the unwholesome

dens.

Through this human hive a dumb-

waiter shaft ran from the basement to

the roof to carry the flames with light-

ning rapidly to every floor in case of

fire. The fire-escapes were useless and

worthless. The ladders were not lowered

from the second story, and the unfor-

tunate inmates rushed to the balconies

only to be driven by the pursuing flames

to leap to their death. Many victims

fell through the opening in the balcony

of the second story, and two of

them were impaled on the sharp

spikes of an iron railing.

The ground floor and basement of

this crowded pest hole were used as a

stable, with its accompanying filth.

This condition of affairs, disgraceful

to the Building Department, to the

Health Department and to every public

officer charged with the administra-

tion of the laws, was only disclosed

through the accident of a fire which

has already cost five lives and inflicted

injuries on a number of persons, some

of which will result fatally. But for

that calamity the pest hole and death

trap might have remained for years

unnoticed.

How many more such places are there

in the city existing in violation of

the laws, endangering human life and

threatening the public health?

A "BIZZARD" AT HARBOR.

Farmer Dunn tells us that he was this

week wearing a "bizzard," or an intensely

hot cap, which is pouring down upon

him from the Black Hills, and will soon

turn the streets of the city into baking

ovens. The Farmer is never far from

right.

So, by the close of the week we may

make up our minds to be undergoing a

trial quite as severe as anything to

which the weather could subject us, full

of danger to health and requiring great

caution on our part to encounter with

safety.

What a delightful thought it will be

for those whose means enable them to

do so, that they can avoid the threat-

ened suffering and peril by a tem-

porary trip to the seashore or the moun-

tains and by a total abstinence from all

kinds of exhausting work.

But the children—oh, the children of

the poor; the falling, puny little ones

who are crowded into close and

crowded tenements during the coming

superheated spell, what sufferings they

will undergo—what danger they will

run—what a breath of fresh, whole-

some air to draw into their lungs, with-

out a passing breeze to fan their burn-

ing brows, without a moment's relief

from the stifling and foul atmosphere

around them.

Fancy the blessing that a visit from

"The Evening World's" doctors will be

to the little martyrs at such a time.

Fancy how welcome will be the medical

aid that drives off the demon of cholera

infantum, that holds cooling drinks to

the parched lips, that gives the pos-

seshing mite of humanity the nourishment

that snatches from the grave.

The best preparation for the coming

"bizzard" is a gift to the Sick Baby

Fund.

A SAVINGS BANK SHORT.

There are again "in our midst" an

overdrawn President and Secretary of

a savings bank, and a defaulting pay-

ing teller, and they have gone pretty

well "into the midst" of the funds of

the bank as well. The Irving Savings In-

stitution, on Warren street, has passed

into the hands of the State Superintend-

ent of Banks, with a shortage of nearly

eight thousand dollars; the President

and Secretary have resigned, and the

defaulting teller, we are told, is "where

he can be found if wanted."

Well, he ought to be wanted at once

and lodged in a cool stone chamber of

the Tombs. Savings banks should be

guarded sacredly against the kind of

manipulation that belongs to the in-

dustrial and thrifty poor. The rascals

who rob them deserve swift and severe

punishment.

The depositors in the Irving Sav-

ings Institution, it is said, will be

paid in full. But that does not

change the situation nor render it

less serious. The State Superintendent

of Banks, who has taken over the

bank, who has overdrawn their

own accounts or abstracted the bank's

funds should be made to answer to the

law.

PECK'S PECULIARITIES.

Every reader of "The Evening World"

remembers Peck. Peck was the State

Labor Commissioner at the time of the

last election. He published "labor

statistics" to prove what a blessing

McKinley tariff had been to the work-

ingman, how many factories had in-

creased in this State and how wages

had swelled with manufactures. He

quoted "returns" from manufacturers

in the State in proof of these asser-

tions. But he mentioned no names.

When asked for the names of his in-

formants he refused to give them, on

the ground that his communications

had been confidential. When their re-

turns were demanded he claimed they

were private property. When the courts

decided they were the property of the

public he stole them from the office and

destroyed them.

The Evening World" attended to

Peck's case and Peck was indicted.

But the Republicans, in whose serv-

ice he had been working, fought the in-

dictment in the courts until it reached

the Court of Appeals. Now that Court

unanimously decides that Peck was

guilty of a felony and should go to

jail.

But Peck has now disappeared. In

fact, Peck disappeared early in last

November, together with his statistical

report. President Harrison, the Repub-

lican puffs of Peck's honesty, Major Mc-

Kinley, the President's personal friend,

shrewdly, in the "Washington" to-

morrow, Hill's knife up the sleeve and

Fassett's one hundred and twenty thou-

sand plurality to the Harlem River.

Peck was a bad boy—a very bad boy.

But his light is now hidden under a

bushel. No one cares anything about

him, no one thinks anything about him.

Peck is played out. Let him go.

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